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MODERN EGYPT AND ITS PEOPLE.

BY

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The subject to be treated in this paper is "Modern Egypt and its People." It is so vast that several papers would be necessary to cover it entirely. I must therefore limit myself to three or four of the most interesting points, and endeavor to present them as graphically as possible. All that I have to say is the result of my own studies and observations during six years' residence, military service and explorations in that country; so that I speak from experience and not from hearsay.

The first question for consideration is : Who and what are the Modern Egyptians ?

To elucidate this question, permit me to mention a few facts and dates.

Egyptian history is the most ancient, and it runs back to a period much more remote than was supposed a generation ago. Some of the latest and best authorities fix the foundation of Memphis by Menes at 4000 years B. C., and the building of the pyramids at 500 years later ; the obelisk of Heliopolis and the tombs of Beni Hassan at 3000, all of which necessarily implies one or two thousand years of previous consolidation to create an empire capable of such achievements.

The Egyptian Empire seems to have been more or less autonomous until the Persian conquest under Cambyzes, 525 B. C. This was followed by Alexander's conquest in 333, and the Greek empire of his successors subsisted until the Roman conquest, A. D. 30. This was followed in turn by the Arab conquest in 640. Finally the Turks, under Sultan Selim, conquered Egypt in 1517, and hold it to this day.

What wondrous memories cluster around this land of Egypt! The cradle of European civilization, it was recognized by the Greeks as the fountain-spring of all their learning. It was a powerful and

highly organized empire 3,000 years before the Pharaohs of Scripture, as is attested by its temples and its tombs. Its soil was trod by Abraham and Jacob, Joseph and Moses, as well as by Herodotus, Pythagoras and Plato. After the glories of the Pharaohs and the conquests of Cambyses, came those of Alexander. Then followed the Ptolemies, Anthony and Cleopatra, Pompey and Cæsar and Augustus.

To the Christian, Egypt is hallowed as the refuge of Christ himself and by the memories of St. Mark and Athanasius, St. Clement and Origen, and a host of saints and martyrs. Then comes the Arab conqueror Amrou, the barbaric destroyer of all the learning accumulated in the famous libraries of Alexandria. Later on, Haroun-al-Rashid, of romantic memory, and Salah-ed-din, the embodiment of Moslem chivalry, and St. Louis, the ill-fated crusader King. Next follow the long dynasties of the Memlook Caliphs, ended by the Turkish conquest under Sultan Selim in 1517. Finally, near our own times, what heroic figures flit across this Oriental canvas! Napoleon the Great, bidding forty centuries witness from the pyramids the deeds of his legions; Nelson lighting up the mouths of ancient Nile with the conflagration of the French fleet in Aboukir bay. At last, Mohammed Ali, the founder of the now reigning family of Egypt, brings us down to our own epoch.

Observe that since the Persian conquest, in 525 B.C.—that is to say, for more than 2,400 years—Egypt has been continuously under foreign domination, being even now a tributary province of the Turkish Empire and governed by a family of Macedonian origin.

In consequence of these successive conquests there is no country on earth where blood is so mixed as in Egypt; and the more so because of the introduction into the hareems of female slaves from all countries—from the blonde and fair Circassian or Georgian, or the dark-eyed Greek captive, to the bronze-colored Abyssinian and the unmitigated negress of Central Africa. The population of Egypt proper is about five and a half millions; of these four and a half millions are fellaheen Mussulmans, and another half-million are Copts (Christians), but these two are the same stock, being the direct descendants of the Pharaonic Egyptians, the race that built the pyramids and worshipped Amun-Ra. They are the autoch-

tonal race of the land, and exhibit precisely the same type of features and form that we find represented upon the ancient Egyptian monuments.

As one ascends the Nile, the population become darker and darker. Above the first cataract are found the Nubians, or Barabras—descendants of the ancient Ethiopians—who are nearly black but not negroes. In the Soudan, negro blood begins to predominate. To these elements must be added 90,000 Circassians, Jews, Syrians and Armenians, 40,000 Turks and about 100,000 Europeans; and in the deserts, 300,000 Bedouins who are of a type entirely different from all the rest, being nearly all of pure Arab blood. It is usual in common parlance to speak of all the natives of Egypt as Arabs, because the language of nearly all of them is the Arabic, but the name properly belongs only to the Bedouins of the deserts.

Such, then, is the composition of the population of modern Egypt.

Mohammed Ali and his successors having exerted such a paramount influence upon modern Egypt, it is proper to say a few words about them.

Mohammed Ali was born at Cavalla, in Macedonia, on the Gulf of Salonica, in 1769. He followed first the profession of a merchant; but, at the time of the French invasion of Egypt, he joined a corps of Albanians as a subaltern and soon distinguished himself by his valor and skill. After the departure of the French, he allied himself with the Memlook Beys, a powerful military caste, who made and unmade the Pashas of Egypt at their will, with very little regard for the orders of the Porte. In 1806, by their support, he expelled Kosrou Pasha, the Turkish Governor, and had himself proclaimed in his place, winning with his gold the subsequent consent of the Porte. But finding that the turbulent Memlooks would soon treat him as they had done all his predecessors, he resolved to suppress them.

Summoned to the citadel of Cairo on the 1st of March, 1811, for a state ceremony, they repaired there on horseback, about 800 strong. The outer gate, Bab-el-azab, was closed on them, and the first inner gate also. The battlements were lined with Albanian infantry, who opened fire on them and killed all but one—Amin Bey, who leaped his horse over the battlement, a distance of 60 feet. The horse was killed, but the rider escaped unhurt and was afterwards pardoned by Mohammed Ali. After this terrible but neces-

sary execution had relieved him of the yoke of this military aristocracy, Mohammed Ali organized his army upon the European model, with the assistance of numerous French officers, and commenced all these reforms in civil as well as military matters which have placed Egypt so far ahead of other Mussulman countries. He died insane in 1849.

Ibrahim-Pasha, his son, exercised a short time the functions of regent, but died before his father. He was a great soldier, and twice—in 1832 and 1839—he would have driven the Sultan out of Constantinople had he not been stopped in the height of victory by the European powers. After Mohammed Ali came Abbas-Pasha, a cruel tyrant, who died by violence in 1854; then Saïd-Pasha, and in 1863 Ismaïl-Pasha, the son of Ibrahim, who was forced to abdicate a year or two ago.

Ismaïl-Pasha, the deposed Khedive, was once the most belauded of men, as he became afterwards the best abused; yet he might say, in the words of the French poet :

“ Mais je n’ai mérité
Ni cet excès d’honneur ni cette indignité.”

It would be a great injustice to judge him by the same standard as a Christian prince, yet I affirm that, compared to those who have occupied European thrones during this century, he was greatly superior, as a ruler and a man, to three-fourths of them.

He is of a mild and generous disposition. Compared to Eastern princes, he towers infinitely above them all except his grandfather, to whom he is inferior in native genius and force of will, but whom he greatly excels in general information and in humanity. While the sultans and viceroys were generally regardless of human life, and many of them treated their subjects with cruel barbarity, no such fault can be imputed to Ismaïl-Pasha. What he has done for his country, for the diffusion of knowledge and the progress of civilization, it would take hours to relate. He may have tried to carry his reforms and innovations too fast, and he has been recklessly prodigal, but it must be said that no man was ever so robbed and plundered as he has been. Out of a debt of one hundred millions of pounds Egypt never realized over forty-five millions, and the suffering inflicted upon his people by excessive taxation was partly due to his extravagance, it is true, but more so to the

Shylock exactions of the bondholders, who force the collection of their interest though half the fellaheen of Egypt should perish of hunger. Ismail's greatest error was in not tendering a compromise of 50 per cent. of his debt, which would have been accepted gladly, and 3 or 4 per cent. interest, instead of 12 and 14 and 20, which he had been paying for years. Instead of doing this he requested England and France to send commissioners to administer his finances, which ended, as might have been expected, in their taking possession of the whole government and forcing him to abdicate. His son, the present Khedive, has much less ability than his father, and is a mere figurehead, the consuls and commissioners having virtual control. The ex-Khedive and his sons are well educated for Orientals, and in their habits and mode of living, are quite European except as regards the hareem. They all speak French fluently, and are intelligent and industrious to a degree never before found among Mahommedan princes.

Alexandria, or Iskanderia, as the Arabs call it, is the great seaport of Egypt, founded and named by Alexander 332 B. C. It is now as much a European as an Eastern city. Its central portions, and the population you meet there, are essentially French or Italian in appearance, with a large sprinkling of English. But a mosk or an Arab palace here and there, with their gardens of palm trees, and the costumes of the natives, give a local coloring to the scene. The Arab quarters are inhabited by about 200,000 natives, and the European population amount to 60,000 more. Alexandria possesses but few relics of antiquity, her temples and palaces having been destroyed by successive invaders. Alexander's tomb, more or less authentic, is still exhibited in what seems a small and primitive mosk. Pompey's pillar, nearly 100 feet total height, the shaft being of a single piece of red Syenite granite, highly polished, 73 feet in length, was erected about the year 300 of our era, in honor of Diocletian, and had no more connection with Pompey the Great than Cleopatra's needles with Cleopatra. These are two obelisks, one of them now standing in the Central Park and the other on the Thames embankment, in London. They were originally at Heliopolis, but were brought to Alexandria under Tiberius. They bear the hieroglyphics of Thotmes III. (1500) and Rameses II. (Sesostris the Great), 1400 B.C.

The traveller hardly realizes that he is in Egypt until he leaves Alexandria for Cairo. The distance is 130 miles; time, four hours and a half, over a perfectly level country, for Cairo, 12 miles above the apex of the Delta, is only 40 feet above the sea level. The railroad crosses the Rosetta and then the Damietta branch, over splendid bridges of stone and iron. In the spring, the landscape is green as emerald. At every station the crowds of turbaned, swarthy faces, the veiled women, the minarets of the village mosks announce a Moslem land, even without the evidence of the crescents on every public building and railroad station. Some distance before reaching Cairo, looking towards the southwest, three sharp, gray angles catch our eyes, cutting the line of the distant horizon. These are the pyramids. Soon after, we reach the station, are caught up by one of the yelling Arab hackman in his native dress, and swiftly whirled to the "New Hotel"—a showy stone building of 400 feet front, with a double colonnade, facing upon the lovely garden of Esbekieh.

Cairo is the second Arab city in the world, Damascus being the first. It was founded in the ninth century, and was named El Kahireh—the victorious—which Europeans have transformed into Cairo. The famous Salah-ed-din made it his capital about the close of the twelfth century, and founded the great citadel which still commands it. The ancient portion of the city was surrounded with a turreted wall, of which a part still remains, with gates at various intervals. One of the reasons which make Cairo so interesting is that it retains so much of its Oriental character, and another is the continual contrast between modern civilization in its highest forms and the antiquated barbarism found side by side with it. Thus the modern quarters of Cairo resemble the best portions of Paris. Broad and handsome streets bordered with trees, with wide pavements and gaslight in profusion, public fountains and gardens, beautiful stone and iron bridges. The houses are handsomely built, in European style, on which Arabesque ornamentation is frequently applied with happy effect. They are built of cream-colored limestone, and as in this climate there is neither rain nor frost, they are not disfigured by the horrible chimney-pots which spoil the finest edifices of Europe. As long as you circulate only

in that quarter, you might fancy yourself in a French or Italian city, and the palaces are like dreams of Aladdin's creation.

But just turn the corner of one of these modern streets, and in fifty paces you are in the Arab quarter. The streets, or rather lanes, are but a few feet wide, and more intricate and whimsical in their turns and windings than the labyrinth of Crete. Each story projects over the lower until they nearly meet at the top, so as to shut out the sunlight. Here you are in the country, and you might well fancy in the age, of the Arabian Nights. Here you meet the very characters of that book, the one-eyed porter and the jolly water-carrier, with his bloated-looking goatskin, and the babbling, itinerant barber shaving his customer's head in the street. Here is the veiled lady just returning from the bazar, and the music girl, whom she is taking home to give a fantasia in her hareem to-night. The wicked black eunuch and the hunchback tailor are here also; the shereef and the *cadi*, here they are, just in the same costumes that they wore 1,000 years ago, for fashions have not changed for longer than that among the faithful Mussulmans.

Look at this grim-looking gate, transported here from an ancient pagan temple, and you would not be astonished if from it issue the Caliph Haroun-al-Rashid with his faithful Mesrour, or the very same three Calenders whose adventures are recorded in the "Arabian Nights," and I could vow that I have seen the very oil jars in which Ali-Baba's forty thieves were scalded to death. There are the same bazars, with the same little shops, mere recesses in the wall, where the merchant, sitting cross-legged, can reach without rising every shelf in his shop. There he sits all day smoking his *chibook* and waiting for custom. Perhaps a veiled woman is sitting opposite to him chaffering about prices or flirting with him, or else a lady of higher rank astride of her white donkey—does her shopping without dismounting, attended by a eunuch or a servant or two. The flow of life in these narrow streets is wonderful. Crowds of common people in long blue or white cotton blouses hanging to their feet, with a red *tarboush* (*fez*) surrounded by folds of white cotton as turbans. The women of the lower class wear nothing but a long, loose gown of deep blue cotton stuff, open from the throat to the waist, around which they wear no sort of belt or girdle. On their heads a long blue veil, tied above the eyebrows

and hanging down the back to the heels, while another long, narrow strip of blue or white hides the face, leaving nothing visible but the eyes which are frequently of marvellous beauty when found in well-matched pairs, which is not often the case.

Besides the multitudes on foot are crowds on donkeys, long strings of burden camels in single file, loaded with building stone and timber or huge bags of straw, and, when the streets are not too narrow to admit them, carriages preceded by their syces. These are footmen who run before the carriage with a long palm stick in hand, crying out, "woah riglak," mind your feet! "emminak," to your right! "shemalak," to your left! not infrequently enforcing the warning with a blow at some unresisting Arab. They are among the characteristic institutions of the East. They are generally Barbarines, nearly black, and are all dressed in the same style. A red tarboush with long blue tassel, a vest of red cloth or green silk embroidered with gold, flowing white muslin sleeves leaving the arm bare from the shoulder. Around the waist a silk or cashmere scarf, and below, white petticoat trousers to the knees, leaving the legs and feet bare. Their endurance is wonderful, and they will run for hours before a carriage at full trot. The syce, who is a necessity in the narrow, crowded streets, serves also as a display of luxury, the great pashas having several of them to precede their equipages.

One of the most picturesque and Oriental sights of Cairo is often beheld on a bright moonlight night. A great handsome carriage, drawn by a pair of large English horses and full of lovely, half-veiled, fair Circassian and Georgian women. Two mounted janizaries, with long pistols in their holsters and curved scimitars at their sides, gallop some twenty yards in front. Behind come four syces, in pairs, with cressets full of burning light-wood, then two more syces with wands. At each side of the carriage rides a mounted eunuch, and a pair of them follow the carriage, and behind them, another couple of mounted janizaries. They pass you at full speed, the flashing of dark eyes mingling with that of diamonds. They are the wives of a prince taking a moonlight drive—but all the guards which surround them are unable to intercept the fiery yet wistful glances of eyes that were made for love, and must know only the slavery of the hareem.

The contrast of modern innovations and ancient barbarism is of continual occurrence here. Just between the New Hotel and Shepherd's Hotel, in the most frequented part of the European quarter, stands a building whose history brings all the darkness of the Middle Ages in juxtaposition with modern civilization. It is a palace of Arab architecture, surrounded by a palm grove and enclosed within a lofty stone wall. In that palace, less than twenty-five years ago, lived the widowed daughter of Mohammed Ali—the widow of the famous Defterdar, who thought no more of cutting off a head than of slicing an orange. She was a beautiful and talented woman, but licentious and cruel, and many were the victims decoyed into her palace by her emissaries that never came out, except sewed up in a sack to be thrown into the Nile. One of them, however, being well armed, killed four or five of his assailants and escaped. This princess whose power at court was very great, was one of the chief actors in the assassination of her nephew, Abbas-Pasha, in 1854. Saïd-Pasha—her brother—his successor, was afraid of his ambitious sister and sent her off to Constantinople, where she made herself so dangerous that she soon drank a cup of coffee which disagreed with her, an accident of frequent occurrence with troublesome characters in the East. The story resembles closely that of Margaret of Burgundy, wife of Louis X. of France; but that queen lived 600 years ago, when such deeds were not out of harmony with the times, while the present generation still remember the Princess Nuzla Hanum.

Cairo, seen from the Citadel hill, presents one of the most striking panoramas on earth. This vast city, containing nearly half a million of people, extends over a plain three miles by four between the Nile and the Mokattan hills. The city contains four hundred mosks, besides many tombs of saints and princes, and each has one or more minarets, some of which are extremely beautiful. At the southeast extremity of the city, about 300 feet above it, on the first spur of the Mokattan hills, stands the famous Citadel, the scene of so many bloody tragedies beside the massacre of the Memlooks. It is a small city in itself, three or four times more extensive than the Tower of London. It contains a vast palace, once inhabited by Mohammed Ali, and his tomb in the mosk, which he built of Oriental alabaster and whose minarets are miracles of architectural bold-

ness. There are also large barracks, military schools, all the bureaus of the War Department, arsenals, vast magazines, workshops and a cannon foundry. Also the famous well of Joseph, 270 feet deep, so called, not from the Joseph of Scripture, but from Saladin, whose name was Yusuf. The view from the Citadel hill at sunset is one to be remembered forever. Facing towards the west, you see at your feet the whole city, stretching towards the Nile, with its thousand minarets, its domes, its palaces and its gardens of waving palm trees, the river winding like a silver thread in the distant plain. On the right, the valley of the Nile spreads out into the broad plains of the Delta, while in many places the course of the river and its canals is revealed only by the white lateen sails of the dahabeahs.

Eight miles away, right before you, rise the great pyramids of Gizeh, whose sharp summits tower above the line of the Lybian hills. They stand upon the first elevation above the green valley, and beyond them the Lybian desert stretches without limits. On the left, far up the river, you see the eleven pyramids of Sakhara, and trace the narrow valley of the Nile like a green ribbon between two wastes of yellow sand. All this splendid panorama glitters in the refulgent sunlight of Egypt, under which even the ever-present dust turns to golden glory. As you look, the sun sinks below the desert line until about one-fourth of the disk only is visible, when all at once it disappears at one sudden plunge. Now turn to the left and a little to the rear, and how different the scene! The unequalled moon of Egypt has just risen above the Mokattan range, and its silver light mingles with the fiery glow of departing day. As you now stand nothing lies before you but the tombs of the Caliphs and the Arab cemeteries scattered in dreary ravines of yellow sand. Beyond and around, sand, sand—without a green thing to refresh the eye. Right there at your feet begins the great Arabian desert, stretching away to the shores of the Red-Sea, lifeless, treeless, waterless, broken only by the Mokattan mountains, whose rugged, rocky sides form a fit background for this scene of matchless desolation.

THE EGYPTIAN ARMY.

Obliged to select among so many subjects of interest, the next topic to which I will call your attention is the Egyptian army. Under Mohammed Ali and Ibrahim-Pasha, it amounted to nearly 200,000 men, in large proportion organized upon the French system. It was composed mainly of Asiatics from the warlike tribes of Kurdistan, Circassia and Syria, and Arnauts from Albania. After the European powers checked the conquering career of Ibrahim-Pasha, the army was reduced to 40,000 men and rarely reached that number. Of late years it has varied from 30,000 to 15,000 men or less, according to the state of the treasury. Until the late reductions imposed by the Anglo-French commission, the Egyptian army consisted of 22 regiments of infantry of 3 battalions each; 4 battalions of rifles; 4 regiments of cavalry and 144 pieces of artillery. It is recruited by a totally arbitrary and irregular system of conscription. The inhabitants of Cairo and Alexandria are exempted—which increases the burden on the provinces. The Egyptian fellah has not the slightest military inclination. On the contrary, the service is horribly repulsive to him, and multitudes used to cut off their right thumb and one or more fingers to avoid it, until they found this would not exempt them. Many a time have I seen gangs of conscripts brought to the citadel in this wise: fifty men in pairs—fastened by the wrists with short chains on either side of a heavy chain fifty feet long. I don't mean that they are *all* brought in this way, but great numbers are, accompanied by weeping women and children from their villages, who wish to see the last of them; for though the majority return to their homes, yet the time is altogether uncertain, there being no rule but arbitrary will. Nor is there any rule about the age of the recruits, who range from sixteen to forty years, or even more. I once had an orderly, a Copt Christian named Girgis, or George, about fifty-five years old. He said he had been more than twenty-five years in service and, having no friends to apply for his release, he did not know that he would ever be discharged. He was not badly treated by his comrades on account of his religion, though sometimes they would curse him for a Nus-ranee, *i. e.*, a Nazarene. The Egyptian soldier is better clad and fed in service than he would be in his native village. The fellaheen

from Egypt proper possess a splendid physique, being tall, straight and very well formed. In this they are superior to the line of any army that I have seen in Europe. Their white cotton uniforms (short tunics, baggy zouave trousers, and gaiters over their substantial army shoes) are well suited to the climate and make a very good appearance. They are exceedingly well drilled upon the French system of tactics. The infantry are armed with the best American Remington rifles. The cavalry are extremely well mounted and equipped. The artillery are well organized and have several batteries of the best Krupp guns. The officers are thoroughly acquainted with the routine of service, but the best of them are utterly ignorant of the higher branches of military science. They, as well as their soldiers, understand perfectly all the details of military life. As an instance, in my detachment there was a distinctive bugle signal to call every officer and non-commissioned officer down to the last corporal, and no error was ever made in the call. The soldiers are the most quiet and orderly in the world; never fight among themselves, never drink anything but water, and are the most submissive of men to discipline, as well as the most frugal and abstemious, and yet able to undergo great exertion and fatigue. They are far from being stupid—quite the reverse—and under officers whom they like and respect they perform their service with cheerful alacrity. In one word, they possess all the best qualities of soldiers except *one*—the fighting quality. This probably is due in part to the oppression of centuries, the Egyptian people having been ruled by a foreign conqueror for 2,400 years. How can courage be expected from a race who are accustomed to receive the bastinado as a matter of course from every man clothed in a little brief authority? What motive can the fellah have to fight? Love of country? Why, he has no pride in Egypt as his country; at most, he thinks only of his little village of mud huts as such. Personal honor? There is no word in Arabic for that. He has no character or reputation to sustain; he is Abdou or Hassan or Yusuf, and has not even a family name. What is the regimental flag to him? Only the base on which the companies are formed, a piece of green silk fastened to a pole, and nothing more, instead of being the sacred symbol of his country's honor. Loyalty to his prince? What is the Khedive to the Egyptian soldier but a Turkish oppressor, who

takes his last piastre for taxes and forces him into the army against his inclination and prejudices? Money? He nominally is entitled to the pay of one dollar per month, but he hardly ever gets it, so that he certainly has not the incentive of good pay which often produces excellent soldiers, as for example, the Swiss mercenaries in France and Italy in former days, and the rank and file of our own army. Why should the fellah fight for his present master when he could lose nothing by exchanging him for another? Only religious fanaticism might stir him up to fight, but he has but very little of it, and it failed entirely in the Abyssinian and Turkish wars. Quite different it is with the Turks, the Circassians, Kurds and Bedouins, who belong to a conquering race and are accustomed to carrying and using arms. The Egyptian army proves that you may take men of splendid physical qualities, clothe them in handsome uniforms, put excellent arms in their hands, drill and discipline them to perfection, and all this will not make soldiers of them unless you give them a motive to fight. It may be asked, would they not fight well under good officers? No doubt they would do better under chiefs whom they respected. The subordinate officers are hardly a shade better than the men, and the high Pashas think only of their ease and personal safety. At the battle of Guy Khood, in Abyssinia, the Pashas and Colonels, with Prince Hassan at their head, led the flight before the fight had fairly begun, and when my gallant friend General Dye, severely wounded, tried to stem the tide of the retreating troops, the soldiers said to him: "Why should we stay here? Look yonder—see our colonels galloping away into the fort!" And it was only that fort, erected by an American engineer officer (Colonel Lockett), that saved the Egyptian army from a defeat as complete as that of Isandula, for the Abyssinians fight as desperately as the Zulus. It is true that two or three Arab officers of high rank fought bravely and were killed on the field, but they were the exception. Ratib-Pasha, who commanded the army, saw his extreme right flank—one battalion and a battery, which he had imprudently left isolated about twelve hundred yards off—surrounded by a multitude of Abyssinians, who rushed for that gap. Instead of turning his guns upon the enemy and closing the gap, he beheld motionless the complete annihilation of this detachment of which not a man escaped. Then he quickly

ordered a retreat to the fort, and led it himself far in advance. And for this gallant exploit he was rewarded and decorated after the war. You will ask why? Simply because a despotic prince, however intelligent, is always deceived by falsehood and intrigue, and the Khedive has never yet known the truth about the Abyssinian war.

The best regiments in the Egyptian service are those formed of negroes from Central Africa. These are savages captured by slave traders and forcibly taken from them by the Government in order to destroy the slave trade. When retaken from the traders, it is impossible to send them back to their own country, for one-half of them have already died on the way and the rest would perish going back. So the Government makes soldiers of them and gives them the women as wives. Now, let me give you an idea of this mode of recruiting. At El Obeyad, in Kordofan—2,200 miles in the interior—there is a garrison of these troops. Many a time I have seen gangs of twenty or thirty of these recruits, just released from the slave traders, being marched to the barracks by an Egyptian sergeant to be enrolled—great tall fellows, emaciated by fatigue and starvation, all literally as naked as Adam before he dreamt of a fig leaf, and not wearing even a smile, and no wonder. They were in single file, each one fastened to the next by a piece of wood about five feet long, going from the back of the neck of the front man to the throat of the next behind him. Thus they had travelled hundreds and hundreds of miles, never released for a moment except when one would drop dead by the way and would be left as food for hyenas. As soon as they are enrolled they are clothed in a good white uniform, fed on good rations of bread and meat, they who had never eaten anything but grain in its raw state, like camels. They are taught Arabic and the rudiments of the Mohammedan religion; in one word, they are lifted from the condition of beastly savagery in which they were to the primary rudiments of civilization. There is a great deal more fight in these men, who probably were warriors in their own country, than in the fellaheen regiments. But looking at these black fellows, all exactly alike in their nakedness, I thought that they never would again be as perfectly *uniformed* as in their black suits of Nature's own fashioning.

During my six years' service in the Egyptian army, I never knew a case of insubordination or insolence from a soldier towards the Americans or Europeans in the service. We were treated with more respect than the native officers, in spite of our being Christians and foreigners. Officers of high rank, however, especially if Turks, as were most of the colonels and generals (beys and pashas), were looked upon with awe by the soldiers. It is true that none of us were in the line of the army as regimental officers, being all on the staff. Yet when in command of an expedition, I, for example, had absolute authority over the detachment assigned me as my escort. I issued all my orders through their own officers who were held responsible for their execution. All the punishments were ordered by me, generally upon the reports of the native officers; and the most frequent offences were disrespect to the latter. The company officers are so little above the level of their men that they inspire but little respect. As an instance: A captain of infantry of my detachment used to come up every evening to the kitchen-tent to play checkers with my black Nubian cook until I had him put under fifteen days' arrest for it. The punishments for officers are arrest and loss of pay. In theory, no corporal punishment can be inflicted upon a soldier; but in practice it is necessarily otherwise. On the marches the punishments consisted of from two to five dozen stripes with a rope's end. The culprit is stretched on the ground at full length, on his face, and held down by a soldier at his feet and another at his head, while two sergeants administer the stripes over his clothes. This punishment is just severe enough to be effective with a people who cannot be governed without the rod; but it does not approach in severity the bastinado on the soles of the feet, still less the brutal and cruel flogging on the bare back which is in use in the British army. Although I have ordered many a dozen to be inflicted, I never knew a soldier to be unfitted for duty for one hour by his punishment, or to seem to cherish ill-will on account of it.

But a great change has come over the Egyptian army since I left it. In my time, the only jealousy and ill-will that existed towards the American and European officers was on the part of the Turkish and Circassian element which monopolized most of the highest grades. The pashas hated the staff, which they considered as a

check upon their peculations and irresponsible powers, and they were continually intriguing against it. The line-officers, nearly all natives, did not show any dislike to the Christian staff-officers, even if they felt it. When the financial difficulties culminated in 1878, the English and French comptrollers, who had virtually assumed the government, ordered a great reduction of the army and the discharge of all the foreign officers, which resulted in the practical abolition of the staff. There were now left in the army only two elements—the native or fellah, and the Turco-Circassian. The Turks have hitherto occupied nearly all the high positions, civil and military, for they still retain their prestige as the conquerors of Egypt. By the strange customs of those Oriental countries, the Circassians share in this privilege. The tribes of Circassia deem it a high fortune to sell their beautiful daughters to the Turkish pashas and princes, and the white slave market at Constantinople is to-day as abundantly supplied with lovely Circassian and Georgian girls as it ever was. The ex-Khedive, Ismail-Pasha, was a regular purchaser of twenty or thirty of them every year. It is the highest ambition of a Circassian girl to be sold to the Sultan or some of his chief officers. If she succeeds in becoming a favorite, her brothers hasten to share her fortunes by obtaining civil or military appointments. This accounts for there being so many Circassians in high places in Turkey and Egypt. Ratib-Pasha, the Commander-in-Chief of the Egyptian army under Ismail-Pasha, was a Circassian. (See Appendix A.)

Until the close of the Abyssinian war, the Egyptian army seemed to be absolutely submissive to its Prince. Numbers of soldiers were shot for desertion, cowardice, and even lesser offences, without a murmur or a protest. But the financial disasters that followed, having compelled the Khedive to transfer the virtual control of his country to Christians, his prestige was broken. Another cause began to operate. The army had become a school of instruction. General Stone, the American Chief-of-Staff, had caused the establishment of regimental schools in which all the soldiers were taught to read and write. The schoolmaster was abroad even in that Moslem land. Signs of opposition to the government began to appear in the army. The first symptom was that military emeute in 1879, when 2500 officers, discharged without being paid, handled

very roughly the English and French Commissioners and showed but little respect for the Khedive himself. They forced the government to pay their arrearages. This first success seems to have been for the army a revelation of its own power. Ismail was deposed, and Tewfik, vastly inferior in force of character, reigns in his place. Soon after his accession, a Circassian was promoted General over the heads of three native Colonels. The latter sent a protest to the Khedive, who ordered them to the citadel under arrest, but their regiments rose in arms and released them. The Khedive sent two picked regiments of his guards to overawe the mutineers, but they joined the latter and the Khedive had to yield to all their demands, to revoke the objectionable promotion and to appoint a new Minister of War. A few months later another military demonstration forced the government to increase the pay of the army. And now a new rallying cry has been raised, "Egypt for the Egyptians !" Out with Turks and Circassians ! Out with foreign Comptrollers who grind out the fellaheen for the benefit of foreign bondholders ! Arabi-Bey, who is the leader of the movement, is only a Colonel, but all the native regiments are under his influence, while the Turkish and Circassian pashas, unable to command the obedience of the troops, look helplessly on.* In the meantime, the Assembly of Notables, from whom no opposition was dreamed of (otherwise it never would have been called), claim the right of voting the budget and are sustained by the army. England and France, who in all this Egyptian question seem to have been influenced by no higher motive than to force the payment of the coupons of an iniquitous debt to their bondholders, though it should starve half the fellaheen population, announce their purpose to support the Khedive (their puppet) against all internal opposition. French and British troops and ironclads will be sent to Alexandria, if necessary. On his side, Arabi-Bey declares that if driven to extremities he will inaugurate the "Holy War," unfurl the standard of the Prophet, summon all the Bedouins of the deserts and drive all the Christians out of Egypt. Such is the present

* Arabi-Bey surrounded with his troops the Assembly of Notables and dictated their course, which forced the resignation of the Cabinet. A new Cabinet has just been formed (Febr. 5th), in which Arabi-Bey is Minister-of-War.

"Egyptian crisis," and such is the attitude of that army which in former days would have submitted to decimation without a murmur at the command of Mohammed Ali, Ibrahim-Pasha or even Ismail. It must be remembered that the soldiers are in fact the best and truest representatives of the people, from which they are drawn by conscription, and they are the most intelligent portion of the fellaheen masses, for they have acquired in the army new ideas which would never have occurred to them if they had remained in their villages. It is evident that they are waking up to a sense of their power. Yet it seems most probable that by some compromise with France, Egypt will finally become a British dependency, thus perpetuating indefinitely the subjection of the Egyptian people to a foreign conqueror.

A few words now about the American officers in Egypt. From first to last, between 1868 and 1878, there were about fifty of us in the Khedive's army, of whom eleven died in service or soon after leaving it. When the Khedive had dreams of asserting his independence (before his financial troubles) he found that he could not count upon the European officers in his service, because their governments might, and did, recall them whenever political complications arose. He knew it would not be so with Americans, and our four years' war had given us great military prestige. These were the reasons of his employing so many Americans. Those who had worn the blue and the gray were about equal in number, and never, so far as I know, was there the least unpleasant feeling between us on account of our late struggle. Away from home, we felt that we were all Americans, and were proud to be so. The most prominent were Generals Mott, Sibley, Loring, Stone, who held the rank of Pashas (Generals); Reynolds, Dye, Field, Long, Prout, Lockett, Ward, Purdy and Mason, who ranked as Beys or Colonels. We were all in the "General Staff of the army." Some of us were assigned to duty as engineer, ordnance or bureau officers. Others, among whom I was, were charged with distant explorations in the interior of Africa, which was by far the most desirable duty, in spite of the trying and dangerous climate. Several of my esteemed comrades in those expeditions—Campbell, Losche, Lamson—left their bones in the deserts of the Soudan, and others returned with impaired constitutions. As for me, struck down by insolation due

to the excessive heat at Dongola, eighteen hundred miles up the Nile, I found myself disabled, just after having lost my second in command, Lieut.-Col. H. B. Reed, whom I had been compelled to send back to Cairo for ill-health. The experienced old German surgeon (Dr. Pfund) attached to the expedition assured me that my only hope of life was to get on a boat and float down to Cairo, and that I would certainly die if I went into the deserts. But I knew that if I turned back and left the expedition in charge of the native officers, they would never budge one mile from the Nile, and the expedition, which was very costly and important, would be a complete failure, reflecting much discredit upon the American staff. I considered it one of those cases in which a soldier must prefer his duty to his life, and I started from the Nile for the capital of Kordofan in such a helpless condition that I had to be lifted by the soldiers on and off my dromedary. Two hundred miles I travelled through those fearful deserts to the oasis of El Safi. After resting there ten days I grew worse instead of better. Being now completely paralyzed from the waist down, I was unable to sit either horse or dromedary, and for two hundred miles further I was carried in a litter on the shoulders of four soldiers of my escort, relieved by four others every half hour. Though this service was fearfully hard, and they had to carry me, a Christian and a foreigner, under a temperature of 160° at noonday, while the sand would blister their feet through their thick shoes, never once did I hear a murmur or observe even a gesture of discontent from those meek and submissive Egyptians. At last, in the month of June, I reached El Obeyad, the capital of Kordofan, after unspeakable sufferings. There I was joined by that talented and accomplished officer, Col. H. G. Prout, to whom I turned over the command. The surgeon and everybody else gave me up to die, and I thought my days had reached their term. But I began to mend slowly, and after six months I started back for Cairo. Still unable to ride any animal, I travelled twelve hundred miles in a litter suspended between two camels, one in front and one in rear. Thus I crossed in two months (December and January) the deserts that separate El Obeyad from Suakim on the Red Sea, where I took a steamer for Suez and thence by rail to Cairo. All the Americans except Gen. Stone are now out of the Egyptian army, but I can assert with-

out fear of contradiction that they maintained honorably the reputation of their country ; some on the battlefield, several being wounded in the Abyssinian war, and many others having rendered distinguished services in their various spheres of duty.

MARRIAGE, DIVORCE AND HAREEM LIFE.

I have reserved for the close of this paper the most interesting of all topics in all times and countries, and that is the fair sex.

It would take several hours to describe at full length the marriage customs alone. I will touch upon them briefly. Marriages are always arranged by the families of the parties. Such a thing as a young Mussulman courting a girl is out of the question, for except perhaps among the lowest classes and the peasantry, with whom nature is more powerful than artificial customs, the bridegroom never beholds the face of his bride until the marriage is an accomplished fact ; so that the experience of Jacob, who married Leah when he thought he was marrying Rachel, is not unusual in the East. But you will see presently that divorce grants them a speedy release if the bridegroom desires it. In all cases he gives the bride a stipulated dower, which may be ten thousand pounds, or only a few shillings, according to their station in life. Of this he always retains one-third, to be paid her in the contingency of divorce, which is of course considered a probable event. On her part, she brings her marriage portion which is absolutely hers, and she takes it back in case of separation. The marriage proceedings are quite long and complicated among the higher and middle classes, and a week, or even two or three are spent in various festivals and ceremonies between the conclusion of the marriage contract and the day that the bride is taken to her husband's house. Among other ceremonies performed during that period are processions through the streets—in carriages and with bands of music if the parties are wealthy ; on foot and with only a couple of flutes and a tambourine if they are not. In a bridal procession of the common people the bride walks under a canopy. She wears a red shawl which covers her head and face so entirely that she has to be led by two female friends who guide her steps. They stop every two or three hundred yards while the discordant music strikes up and a hired male dancer goes through some absurd contortions. Meanwhile the bridegroom is having his own

separate procession in another quarter and far away with his friends to the bath and the mosk, but the two never meet or mingle. The marriage ceremony itself is very simple and is performed by the *cadi*, who is a mere civil magistrate. It is well known that in Moslem countries women hold an inferior position. They are kept strictly guarded, and among the wealthy classes they are never allowed to go out unattended by eunuchs. The necessities of life give more liberty to the women of the middle and lower classes, but even these are subjected to many restraints and exclusions. There is no such thing as social life or intercourse in which the sexes meet together. The women receive their female friends in the hareem* at which time the master cannot enter therein, and the husbands entertain their male friends in the *salamlik*, or outer hall, beyond which no male stranger is allowed to penetrate. No Mussulman above the lowest class ever appears in public with his wife or wives, and when a wealthy family travel, the husband and master goes by one train and his hareem by another. Even the ex-Khedive and his sons, who are so greatly Europeanized, have to conform to these customs. In the splendid opera house at Cairo, the Khedive and the princes have their boxes on the right of the stage, and other boxes on the left are reserved for the princesses and entirely screened with gauze which makes the ladies invisible, while they can see the stage and the audience. The princesses come and go in their own separate carriages, attended only by numerous guards and eunuchs. At the magnificent balls given by the Khedive, he and the princes and many Europeanized natives of high rank mingle in the dance with the European ladies, but not a single native female is to be seen. The utmost liberty granted the hareem ladies on such occasions is a glimpse at the ball-room from gauze-shielded galleries. Nor do the sexes ever eat together even among the lower classes. At one time, in Cairo, my windows commanded a view of a grocer and fruitseller's shop who seemed to have a prosperous trade, in which he was assisted by his wife and little daughter. The wife would prepare the meals and wait upon her lord, and when he had finished eating, then the

* I use the Oriental pronunciation with accent on last syllable. Hareem means cut off, viz. : sacred to the females alone—and by extension denotes all the female household.

wife and child would eat separately in another corner of the shop, while he sat at the door smoking his cigarette. It is a gross breach of good manners to inquire of a Mussulman even about the health of his hareem, and good breeding requires one to appear utterly unconscious of the existence of the female household. The Mohammedan laws and customs of marriage and divorce are very similar to those of the ancient Hebrews, and the manners and ideas as well as the morals of the Mussulmans, with regard to women, are very much such as pictured in Scripture of Abraham, Jacob and Judah, David and Solomon and a host of other patriarchs. There is, in reality, but one restriction. No one must interfere with his neighbor's hareem. Yet, Mohammed's legislation was a limitation of the system of polygamy existing before his day. Solomon had seven hundred wives, according to Scripture. The Mussulman law limits to four the number of a man's *titular* wives, but it gives him entire possession, if he desires it, of all the women in his hareem; whether wives or slaves. Their number is limited only by the means of support. To give you an idea of the magnitude of some of those establishments, I will state that Princess Mansour-Pasha, one of the ex-Khedive's married daughters, prides herself on her moderation in having only 250 female slaves in her hareem, while her sisters are not content with less than 500. The number of male slaves and attendants in the husband's establishments corresponds, for it is in this that a wealthy Mussulman exhibits his pomp and pride. It is true that of this vast number of women, nine-tenths are mere servants and menials for the favorites, but any one may be raised to the rank of a favorite, or even a wife, by the master's caprice; for if he has already four wives, he has only to divorce one to make room for a new favorite. It is said that Mussulman women, knowing no other state of society, are generally contented with their condition, and perhaps it may be so. But it is certain that the most frightful tragedies sometimes take place in the seclusion of the hareem. Rival favorites use every means to supplant each other, and wives, fearful of being divorced for a new caprice, employ poison and the dagger to remove a dangerous rival; and for each one of these tragedies that accidentally comes to light, how many remain for ever unknown!

It is impossible to form a just conception of Mussulman society

without bearing in mind the fact that the Koran is a complete code of laws, not only religious, but civil and political. Hence it is that while Christians can govern Mussulmans with justice and impartiality, because they recognize the equality of all men before the law, Mussulmans cannot govern those of other religions in the same way, because the Koran proclaims the superiority of believers over unbelievers. Thus the testimony of unbelievers avails nothing in a court of law against that of a Mussulman. The Koran asserts that one eye of a believer is worth two of an unbeliever, and there is no comparison between the value of the life of a Mussulman and that of a Giaour. You know that for three years Russia, in concert with the other powers, has tried in vain to obtain from the Porte the execution of the murderer of Col. Comeraoff. He was sentenced to death long ago, but the execution has been avoided under various pretexts, the last of which being that he has become insane. It will be the same thing with the murderers of Dr. Parsons, the American missionary, and they will never be hanged unless the United States send a squadron to require it. Our Secretary of State in his last report states that the demands of his department on this subject have been evaded. Now, it seems a small thing for a great nation to demand the execution of an obscure murderer, but a great principle is here involved. If the victims had been Mussulmans their murderers would have been hanged long ago, but it is against the conscience of Mohammedans to punish with death one of their co-religionists for the murder of an unbeliever. Hence the necessity of teaching them by stern examples that the life of a Christian is as sacred as their own.

Now, the Koran regulates all the domestic life of the Mussulmans, and the hareem is placed under its sanction and safeguard; and as it gives to the master entire and absolute possession of all the women in his hareem, it makes no discrimination between the children born in it, whether of a wife or a slave. They are all equally legitimate and have equal rights. The present Khedive is the son of a slave, whom Ismail-Pasha afterwards raised to the rank of a wife. It is the same with most of the Princes, for it is usual when a favorite slave bears a son to elevate her at the expense of a former wife, until she is in turn displaced to make room for a younger favorite. It is true that for the sake of peace or economy the great majority

of Mussulmans have but one or two wives—at one time; but divorce is accomplished with a speed and facility which leave far behind the most expeditious and liberal courts of Chicago or any other place.

The wife cannot divorce her husband, nor force him to divorce her, but he has only to say “Entee talleekah”—Thou divorced—and the matrimonial bond is dissolved. He is bound only to give her the unpaid third of her dower, and an alimony proportional to their rank in life for three months, after which she can marry again. Multitudes of Egyptians in moderate circumstances are married and divorced several times a year. A man may divorce his wife and be married to her again; he may do it a second time, but if he divorces her a third time, he cannot remarry her until she has been married and divorced by another man. All these laws are in the Koran. The triple divorce may be pronounced in one sentence: “Entee talleekah beetalateh”—Thou divorced triply. Sometimes an enraged husband, in a moment of passion, rashly utters this dread formula, and he repents quickly; but it is irrevocable before the law, though the party will sometimes get around it by denying his having uttered the triple formula, if no witnesses were present to hear him. Otherwise an old man, generally a blind beggar, is offered a few pounds on condition of marrying the divorced wife before the *cadi* and divorcing her immediately afterwards. This satisfies the letter of the law, but it happens occasionally that the beggar refuses to divorce the woman, and as no law compels him to do so, he raises his demands and makes the repentent husband pay dearly before giving up the wife.

The “oath of triple divorce” by which a Mussulman binds himself to do a certain thing, failing which, to divorce triply one or all his wives, is considered the most binding of all. On my first expedition in the Eastern Desert, we were escorted by Mohammed Khalifa—the great Sheikh of the Ababdehs and Bishareens, who ruled over more than 70,000 of those Bedouins, and had boundless influence over them. After remaining in the desert with us for some six months, he conceived that his affairs called him to the banks of the Nile, and made his preparations to depart, leaving the Bedouin guides and drivers in charge of his nephew. But they had no confidence in the latter, and on the night preceding the depart-

ure of Mohammed Khalifa, they assembled at his tent door and notified him that if he left they would all leave also and abandon the expedition right there in the desert without guides or transportation. He endeavored to argue the case with them, when, to cut short all discussion, they all took the oath of triple divorce in his presence—that if he left, they would leave also. There were but two alternatives. If he went and used his authority to compel them to remain, then all their wives were divorced for ever. His generous soul shrank from the awful idea of making so many grass widows at one fell swoop, and he remained.

On my second expedition to Kordofan, one of the soldiers of my escort, rejoicing in the name of Abou-la-nane, came to me on the eve of our departure from Cairo, and stated that he had married a wife from a village far up the Nile. Would I permit him to take his wife on the boat and leave her at her village with her relatives; otherwise she would starve from misery in Cairo. This was probably a subterfuge, but I consented. Arriving at the village after several days, Abou-la-nane came and said that all his wife's relations were dead, and if she was left there she would starve more certainly than in Cairo. "Would his Excellency the Bey (that was myself) permit him to take her along?" I told him that if he did she would certainly surely die in the desert from the hardships we would have to encounter, and which none but strong men could hope to resist. But he was a good casuist, this son of Islam, and he argued that she would certainly die of want in her village, but she might survive in the desert. Finally he gained his point. The fact is, she was a useful servant to him, as are all wives of the lower class. She cooked for him, brought fuel and water, kept his clothes in order as well as the little shelter-tent, which he had blarneyed the Arab quartermaster to let him have for their separate establishment. From my observation, they got along as well as most couples in their rank of life. When she displeased him he used to administer a gentle correction; but it was done in a paternal way, and not at all in that brutal style of wife-pounding that is too often seen in Christian lands. One night at Dongola, on the Upper Nile, after retreat, the whole camp was startled by the wails and moanings of Hafizah, the soldier's wife. He had become jealous of the attentions of the sergeant of artillery, and in a fit of rage he pronounced the

dread sentence: "Entee talleekah beetalateh—Thou divorced thrice." She published her woe to the world, and invoked all the curses of Allah and his prophet on her husband's father, and his father's father, and all his forefathers to the remotest generation, according to the retrospective Arab manner of cursing in the oblique cases, never like the Saxon who blanks your eyes and blanks your soul with the most refreshing directness. "Might the dogs defile his father's grave for bringing her so far from home to divorce her in a strange land and leave her to perish!" By the time morning had come, it repented Abou-la-nane, the having divorced his Hafizah. But what was to be done? The sentence was irrevocable. Fortunately there were no witnesses, and he stoutly denied having used the triple formula, only the simple one. So they went before the cadi and got married again, and everything was altogether lovely. I may as well state here that my kind treatment of Abou-la-nane and his wife was "bread cast on the waters." When in the heart of Kordofan, soldiers and servants were dying or prostrated by fevers, and I was at the point of death, this little weak, puny woman was never sick a day, and did all the cooking and washing at headquarters when no one else could be found to do it. When I was transported back to Cairo, Abou-la-nane was detailed as one of my escort, and he returned safely to Cairo with his wife.

Another anecdote to illustrate matrimonial customs:

The house in which I dwelt the last four months of my residence in Egypt was in Alexandria, just behind the English church. It is a large okelle, as such blocks are called, belonging to the monks of Mt. Sinai and is let in suites of apartments. The wide and spacious archway leading to the court-yard was the residence of the janitor, or bowab, as they are called in Arabic.

His name was Mustapha. He was about fifty-five, very ugly and wrinkled and had but one eye. His wife Fatma was at least twenty-five years younger, tall, well-formed, good face and color, and could pass for a handsome woman, though she also had but one eye, according to a very prevalent fashion of the country. Their house-keeping was patent to all the world. Mustapha's income was \$6 or \$8 a month. His worldly goods consisted of a couple of palm-stick bedsteads, two or three mats, a water jar, a small portable charcoal furnace, and that, with very paltry wearing apparel, summed up all

his possessions. But a generous soul soars above riches. Mustapha's ambition was to have offspring to which he might bequeath this vast estate. I can't say his name, for the Arabs have no family names, and Mustapha's son, if he had any, would be called Hassan, or Mohammed, or Ibrahim.

Now, Fatma had been his wife many years and had borne him no children, and she had no maid-servant to give unto him, as Sarah gave Hagar unto Abraham. So he married a younger wife who dwelt in another house, where he visited her daily. From that moment peace forsook the okelle of Mt. Sinai. Every day Fatma, awaiting his return, opened fire on the devoted head of Mustapha, and going out into the street called upon all the passers-by to hear her wrongs. He, leaning against the door-post, smoking his chibook, would pay no attention. The natives would stop according to their custom—water-carriers, sheikhs of religion, fruit sellers, women and soldiers—each giving his advice and opinion, without effect upon the stolid Mustapha, until at last Fatma, driven to frenzy, would gather up mud to throw on his beard and thus force him to flight. After a few weeks of this warfare he gave in. I suppose Fatma was the more useful servant, as she did all the work of keeping the yard and stairs clean, beside cooking and washing for her lord. So he concluded to divorce the new wife, yielding up the balance of her dower—about six shillings—and paying her a munificent alimony of five cents per day for three months, after which she would be at liberty to marry again. It is to be observed here that in case of divorce the children must be supported by the father; and if a slave is raised to the rank of a wife and afterwards divorced she is free forever. The results of this facility for divorce are horribly demoralizing, for after a native woman has been married and divorced by two or three husbands she generally becomes an outcast from decent society.

The Moslem woman, even of the highest class, being entirely uneducated, generally unable to read or write, leads a life of physical enjoyment, of which indolence is the chief element. Even the accomplishments of music and dancing are very unusual. The Arabs, male and female, are too lazy to practice them themselves, though they like to hear music (or what they call such) and to see dancing by professional performers. The only pastimes of hareem

life are visiting and gossip, a very little embroidery and needlework, drinking coffee and sherbets, playing games like checkers or drafts, smoking cigarettes or nargileh and the pleasures of the bath. Women of all classes are required by the Koran to wear veils over their faces outdoors and never to show themselves unveiled to any man, except their fathers, brothers and masters. The women of the people wear a thick black veil or sometimes white, from the eyes down, and their garments are fashioned just as they were a thousand years ago. The higher classes imitate as much as they can the European fashions, and their thin white veils, worn over the nose, mouth and chin, hardly conceal their features. In fact, it is noticeable that the thinness of the veil always increases in direct proportion with the beauty of the face. The European ladies who visit the palace report that the princesses receive them in complete Parisian costume (generally in bad taste), which is quite a disappointment to seekers of Oriental display.

The harem system would be impossible without eunuchs. Every Mussulman who has as many as six or eight women in his harem must have at least one eunuch to guard them. These creatures are all Nubians and are bought when about fifteen at extravagant prices from the Christian Coptic priests of the Upper Nile, who have the monopoly of the shameful traffic. Thence they are sent to Egypt, Turkey, Persia and all the countries where the Moham-medans are rich and numerous. The eunuch, nominally bought as a slave, is never sold again, and becomes in fact the real master of the house which he enters. He is the right hand of his lord, who relies upon him for the guardianship of his most precious treasure. And his power over the women is unlimited. It is from him that they must obtain any unusual indulgence, such as pleasure trips, pic-nics, drives, visits to other harems, &c. And should he conceive a hatred for one of them he has only to accuse her of some intrigue, truly or falsely, and her life will pay the forfeit, for no police or other inquisitorial power will ever dare investigate what takes place within the sacred precincts of the harem. The consequence of this is that they all get rich, all the money and jewels given by a Mussulman to the women of his harem finding their way, sooner or later, into the pockets of the eunuch. Not only do they acquire wealth, but political power. The

Sultan's Kishlar Agassi, or chief eunuch, ranks as a Minister of State, and is the fourth personage in the empire. The chief eunuch of the ex-Khedive's mother was one of the most influential persons in Egypt. His income was \$400,000 a year. All those natives and foreigners who desired to obtain position, or fat government contracts, offered bribes and paid their court to this black Nubian, and would even kiss his hand in servile homage. (See Appendix B.)

There is no hope of complete regeneration for Mussulman countries except in the suppression of the eunuch, and the consequent downfall of the great hareems. The small ones would follow in turn, and woman might then hope to assume her rightful place in Oriental life.

Of late years, the Khedive, the Queen-Mother and the Princesses have established and encouraged female schools for the education of the native women; but Moslem laws, customs, traditions and religion are so much opposed to the instruction of women, that a long time must elapse before this movement has any tangible effect upon Mussulman society. Of so little moment has female instruction been considered, that girls are rarely taught to read, and more rarely to write. While boys are made to learn the Koran by heart, as well as all the various forms of prayer which constitute the Moslem ritual, girls receive but very little religious instruction of the most summary description. But yet it is not true, as is generally asserted, that the Mussulmans believe that women have no souls. The Koran expressly says that they may enter Paradise. Yet their inferiority to man, both in this world and the next, is a cardinal dogma of their religion. The *least* of the believers, says the Koran, will be cheered in Paradise by the company of seventy-two lovely houris, possessing every ideal female attraction; and, it adds: "He shall have also the wives whom he had in this world (but with the saving clause) provided he desires to have them." So that even in his Paradise the Mussulman is to be the master of woman's fate, so different is the Moslem world from ours, where woman, generally, is the ruling power of man's destiny.

From the picture which I have tried to present you of some salient points of Mohammedan society, I feel sure that all that have read this, but especially the ladies, will conclude with me that we have every reason to thank Heaven that our destinies were cast in a Christian land, and that we are blessed with the ennobling influences of the Christian religion and civilization.

APPENDIX A.

SLAVES IN THE EAST.

(*Correspondence of the Manchester Examiner*, 1881.)

The headquarters of the white slave trade in Constantinople are in the Bostandchi quarter, which comprises a number of small, narrow streets between Pera, Galata and Tophané. The trade is conducted almost exclusively by a tribe of Circassians known as Tes-sirdchis. Families generally work together. One brother, for example, stops at home and minds the shop, while the other goes and purchases and forwards the raw material of the commerce. Negotiations with purchasers are conducted through the intermediary of Arab brokers, who call regularly on their patrons to inquire if they are wanting anything in black eunuchs or white girls. The rendezvous of these gentry is a coffee-house in the Bostandchi quarter, the entry to which is strictly forbidden to all save followers of the prophet. A white boy, in good health, from eight to fourteen years old, costs from \$180 to \$200; if he has any acquirements, such, for instance, as a knowledge of cookery, or other housework, he will command twice as much. A girl under ten years old may be had for \$100, while a maiden between twelve and sixteen, especially if she can read and write and strum a little on the zittar, is worth \$3,500. A female slave of exceptional beauty, young, white and a virgin—the style most in vogue are blondes and black eyes—fetches from \$4,400 to \$6,000. For a choice specimen, with a smattering of French, and able to play a few airs on the piano, a rich amateur has been known to pay as much as \$12,200. But, as may be supposed, the demand for articles of this description has greatly fallen off since the halcyon time of perpetual loans and profuse expenditure. Black slaves, who are brought principally from Africa, are either sold direct by the importers to the proprietors of harems or to dealers, two of whom have extensive marts in Stamboul. These two generally keep on hand 100 to 120 slaves each. There are also depots in Scutari, and in several villages on the Bosphorus. A strong black slave sells for about \$90; a black maiden, \$67 to \$75; a eunuch, \$315 to \$400. Not the least interesting part of the account from which I quote is the writer's descrip-

tion of his visit to a slave dealer's den in the neighborhood of Scutari, the exact locality of which he was sworn not to reveal. His companion was an Arab broker, whom he had to backsheesh heavily for his services. He assumed the character and presented himself in the garb of a Hungarian renegade officer in the Turkish army, the ostensible object of his visit being the purchase of a halaiks or house slave. The slave dealer's warehouse was a large wooden building; the slave dealer himself, a dignified Turk of the old school, bearded, turbaned and loftily polite. Pipes and coffee were of course produced, and, after a due interchange of complimentary phrases, business began. The dealer's head man, Hassam, a gigantic Nubian, was summoned and told to bring forth a number of slaves for the inspection of the broker and his friend. Thirty negro women, of various ages, and a number of boys were then led into the room. These the broker, who had really a commission to buy two or three slaves, looked carefully over, made them open their mouths, pinched their ribs, tried their wind and examined their "points" as a horse dealer examines the points of an animal which is offered to him for sale. In the end two women and one boy were selected as suitable for their purpose. Then began a long and almost interminable wrangle. The dealer asked \$900. The broker laughed him to scorn and offered \$60. Whereupon the Turk waxed scornfully indignant, but in consideration of the rank of his guests offered to come down to \$220. Then more coffee and fresh pipes were ordered, and, after a tremendous palaver and an immense consumption of tobacco, the lot was knocked down for \$190. The purchase, it was agreed, should be sent for and the dealer's little bill settled on the following day.

APPENDIX B.

"CHIEF OF THE EUNUCHS."—A correspondent of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, writing from Pera (1881), describes at length a remarkable ceremony, which seems to be curiously out of place in Europe—the installation of the new Chief of the Eunuchs over the harem of the Sultan. It was a genuine piece of old Turkish conservatism. The name of the new "Kislar Agassi," or Head Eunuch, is Stasis

Behram Aga. The Turkish journals give long descriptions of the function, and publish odes and chronograms in honor of the hero and of the great event. The poets expect to gain something in return for their amazing adulation. The new dignitary holds a very lofty and influential position in the system of the Porte; only three persons stand higher than the Head Eunuch—namely, the Sultan himself, the Grand Vizier and the Sheik-ul-Islam; but he, from his position, frequently exercises a more direct influence upon the Sultan, and so upon Turkish politics, than either of the other two eminent officials. The new “Kislar Agassi” was received at the Imperial Palace of Dolmabagdsché with the most gorgeous pomp. All the sentinels of the imperial harem, armed with halberds, formed a *spalier*, and “His Excellency Behram Aga, Chief of the Eunuchs,” rode past on a magnificent charger, the orders of the Osmanie and Medschidje glittering on his breast, followed by Ahmed Bey and a number of the adjutants of the Sultan. When he arrived at the gate of the palace, lambs were slaughtered before him as a token of welcome. He was received with the greatest awe by the religious and domestic servants of the imperial household, including the most reverend the Imaum of the Palace and several distinguished mollahs—perhaps chaplains in ordinary to His Ottoman Majesty. The Sultan sent across to his new official two symbols of office, a written document and a magnificent silver pastoral staff worked in relief, which is never handled by any but the Agas of the imperial harem. The new Head Eunuch solemnly kissed the parchment and the staff. The imperial “hatt” was read, some prayers for the blessing of Islam upon the new pastor of the Sultan’s women were said by the clergy, and then the new “Aga of the Sublime House of Blessedness,” as the Sultan’s “hatt” calls him, was allowed to enter the harem and inspect his future dominion.